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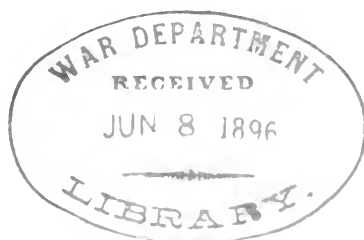




Henry Earnest Goodman

Born April 12 1836

Died February 3 1896



By transfer

SEP 20 1915

Major and Surgeon 28th Pennsylvania Infantry July 23, 1861; discharged for appointment in United States Volunteers April 19, 1864.

First Lieutenant and Assistant-Surgeon United States Volunteers February 26, 1864; Major and Surgeon May 18, 1864; resigned and honorably discharged November 3, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Medical-Director United States Volunteers (by assignment) February 25 to April 1, 1865.

Colonel and Medical-Director United States Volunteers (by assignment) April 2 to June 10, 1865.

Brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

- 1861 July, on duty with regiment in the field.
August to December, with regiment at Point of Rocks, Maryland.
- 1862 February, March, with regiment in the field.
June, with regiment, 12th Army Corps.
September, with regiment in the field, acting as Brigade Surgeon 1st Brigade 2d Division 12th Army Corps.
November, in charge of Corps Hospital Harpers Ferry.
- 1863 January, with regiment at Harpers Ferry, Corps Hospital.
February, March, with regiment.
April - July, in charge of 12th Corps Hospital.
August - October, with regiment.
November, acting Brigade Surgeon 1st Brigade 2d Division 12th Army Corps.
December, at home on veteran furlough till March, 1864.
- 1864 March, April, with regiment, Nashville R.R.
May - August, in charge of Field Hospital 2d Division 20th Army Corps.
July 1, assigned as Surgeon-in-Chief 2d Division 20th Army Corps.
October 13, assigned as Medical-Director 20th Army Corps.
October to March, 1865, Medical-Director Department and Army of Georgia.
- 1865 May 26, assigned as Medical-Director Army of Georgia, with rank and pay of Colonel.
June 30, on leave.
July - November 3, Medical-Director Department of Mississippi.
November 3, relieved at his own request, and honorably mustered out of service.

SERVICES AT
TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH
GERMANTOWN
THURSDAY FEBRUARY 6 1896

HYMN

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure :
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

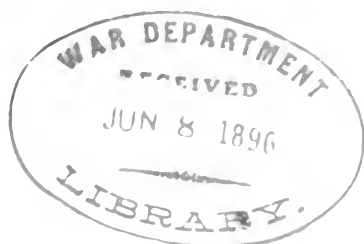
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne :—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SCRIPTURE READING

1 Corinthians xv

ADDRESS BY JOSEPH A. SEISS D.D. LL.D.



HILE this world lasts we can never get done with death. Until Christ Himself shall come again, this cruel conqueror continues his sad work, striking down the children of men, dissolving the most tender attachments, desolating the happiest homes, robbing the world of its noblest and best, and making dread havoc with the hearts and the happiness of mankind.

There is promise of a time when sicknesses, bereavements, funerals and graves shall be done away; when, all other enemies being vanquished, death itself shall be "swallowed up in victory." But, for the present, this grim tyrant reigns, and every day

brings fresh proof of his relentless power.

And although death is common, and funerals are common, and graves are common, and losses of friends and associates are common, a special sadness connects with the instance which has brought us together at this hour.

Here was a man, in the full vigor of useful and honored manhood, stricken down in the midst of his professional activities, suddenly torn away from many admiring friends and loving relatives, and hurried out of the world when no one was dreaming of any such thing. But thus do we all stand in jeopardy every hour, never knowing but that the next moment may see us launched into eternity.

But while lamenting this sudden bereavement, there is gratification in the fact that the deceased has left behind him a record so honorable.

As a learned, skillful and devoted physician and surgeon he was an

ornament to his profession, in which he won many laurels and secured the fond regard of many a heart and home. His standing among physicians was high, and his successes as a surgeon of the army were exceptionally marked. From the beginning of the late war to the end of it, in the midst of exposures and battles upon battles, he held his place as a minister to the sick and wounded, and rapidly rose in the esteem of his commanders and comrades, until some of the most responsible duties of hospital and medical directorships were placed in his hands; all of which he effectively met and faithfully discharged.

He was a zealous patriot. One of a household of patriotic brothers, his devotion to his country was marked and strong. No toils, no sacrifices, were too great for him to make for the defence and honor of the nation's flag, in which he here lies wrapped. Next to his many medical consociations, his fellowship was largely with

patriotic men. He held distinguished place in patriotic societies, even to his death. And he was honored with sundry important State and Federal appointments, which he filled with credit and efficiency.

He was a man of active benevolence in behalf of the afflicted and suffering ; the rich and the poor could alike command his professional attention and interest. He was the originator and strong supporter of several important sanatory institutions, which, with other like establishments, he devotedly served in various capacities. And many souls in this city, and widely scattered over the country, would gladly testify to his ability, his kindness, and his generosity.

By common consent, Dr. Henry Earnest Goodman was a man who exemplified the signification of his name. He was a good man, and the root and spring of all that was best in his character and life was his early training in Christianity, and his adop-

tion of its principles as his own. He was one of the original members and officers of the Church of the Holy Communion, which I serve. At the time of his death he was one of the few survivors of that little brotherhood; and those of them who still remain, with the congregation to which he belonged, and many others, will much regret his removal. But, having fulfilled his mission on earth, he has now gone to join that greater congregation on the other side.

He hath crossed the river, — the deep, dark, mysterious river. Unheralded even to himself, the ties that bound him to this world instantaneously gave way, and he is gone. These cold remains are all that is left of him; and these we are about to commit to the damp and silent grave.

He hath crossed the river, — crossed it to an untried shore, — as myriads have crossed before him, without returning to tell us what it is, or what the land of which it is the border. Of

this side, we all have experience; but of that other side, how little do we know!

And yet, the darkness is not without its stars. When we first landed in this world, ignorant, helpless, and entirely dependent, there was a realm prepared and ready to receive us, and tender hands and loving hearts to take us up and minister to our many infant needs; and we cannot suppose that the gracious Giver of our lives is, or will be, less careful to have things in due readiness for the advent of His children on that other shore.

When poor Lazarus died, angels were there to minister to his departing spirit, and tenderly bare it to a world of rest and comfort. And to those who stand gazing through their tears after friends who have vanished from their sight, the word is, not to be so ignorant concerning them which are asleep as to sorrow as those which have no hope. Whatever may be the joy and comfort of earthly life, "to

depart and be with Christ is far better." Those who have gone may not yet have reached the final heaven of the glorified; but, be that as it may, the voice from on high declares,

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN
THE LORD."

Where faith in God and in His Christ live and work, there are the plantings for a blessed immortality. God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labor of love for His Name, and hath guaranteed a strong consolation to those who flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us. We are all weak and sinful; but God hath laid help upon One that is mighty to save, and strong to deliver. And those who give diligence to add to their faith in Him the virtues inculcated in the Gospel, cannot fail of an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of light, and life, and peace.

What, then, though this man has gone across the mysterious river? May we not hope, and believe, and

comfort ourselves with the belief, that he has landed on a happier shore?

He has crossed the river, and soon will come our turn to cross it too. We are here for the present. An Almighty Power beyond our control has put us here, and will surely summon us away. The responsibilities of life are upon every one of us, and we cannot escape them. As we live, we must also die, and pass over into the untried realities of the great Beyond. And these sudden strokes that break in by our sides, are God's monitions to us to be in constant readiness, not knowing but that the next to go may be any one of us.

Dear friends, let not these lessons be without spiritual effect and profit. To the sorrowing over the departed they are not without comfort; and to all of us they should be a stimulant to fidelity in our callings, and to dutifulness toward our God. And whatever the future of any one may be, I commend you to the good Father in

heaven, and to the power of His grace; praying that He who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight.

CHANT

The Lord's Prayer

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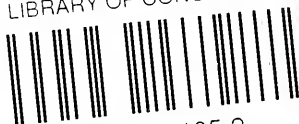
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